HE COMES UP SMILING

By Charles Sherman

Illustrated by Ray Walters

15

SYNOPSIS.

The Watermelon and James, two tramps, bantering each other regarding their personal appearance, decide to clean up, acquire new clothes and let their companion, Mike, be the judge as to who is the better looking. Watermelon discovers a young man bathing in a lake and steals his clothes. While sitting in an automobile he discovered standing empty by the roadside, General Crossman and his daughter, Henrietta, drive up in a car. Assuming that his car is disabled, the general proffers assistance. Watermelon hands him a card bearing the name William Hargrave Batchelor. The general recognizes the name as that of a young man who broke the cotton corner in Wall street a few days before. He invites him to dine with them. Watermelon is introduced to Bartlett, a big Wall street operator, and his daughter, Billy, with whom he proceeds to fall in love. Bartlett, who has been stung by Batchelor's operations, plans to keep the supposed broker with him for a week while he works a coup in the market. He wires instructions to his broker. While chatting with Billy, the telegraph boy tips off Bartlett's message to Watermelon. Watermelon decides to join Bartlett and the general in a week's auto trip. Watermelon slips away and tells his hobo companions of his adventure and asks them to find Batchelor and give him the tramp clothes. The party starts out with Bartlett's and Crossman's cars. Late at night they come to a deserted house, break in and spend the night there. In the morning Watermelon discovers that the police are coming. The party attempts to escape, but is stopped by the officers who are hunting for Batchelor's car. Watermelon, by a clever ruse, gets them out of trouble. As Bartlett had planned the party becomes lost. They are arrested and haled before a country justice for speeding. Crossman, Bartlett and the Watermelon are robbed of their money and jewelry in the night. Alphonse, the general's chauffeur, and Bartlett's car are missing. The party proceeds in the general's car, gets lost again and runs out of gasoline. Watermelon and Billy go to a farm house for food. Bartlett proposes to Henrietta and is accepted. Billy starts back with the food while Watermelon goes to ask the farmer to tow the auto in. Hurrying to catch up with her, Watermelon finds Billy stuck in the railroad tracks with a train rushing down upon her. He saves her life and confesses his love. Watermelon decides to sneak away in the night and take to the road again. A fire in the night destroys the farmer's barn and the general's car, and Watermelon decides he cannot leave them yet. Watermelon confesses all to Billy and tells her he cannot marry her. Billy tells her father that she wants to marry Watermelon, but does not reveal his identity. Bartlett gets a message from his broker that Batchelor has been in town all the time. Watermelon confesses all, tells him of his love for Billy and that his right name is Jeroboam Martin. Bartlett tells Watermelon that if he will come to their summer home in August as a drunken tramp and Billy then wants him she can have him. Watermelon shows up, dressed as a tramp.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

Maine is a prohibition state, but the Watermelon had been there before and knew just where and how to obtain what he was looking for. With the bottle in his pocket, he sought the beach and made his way up it to some secluded place where he could drink in peace and out of the heat of the sun.

As the day advanced, the sun crept around the headland until it streamed unchecked upon the Watermelon, sprawled, drunk and warm and dirty in the lee of the rocks. The combined heat of the sun and the poison he had in him, called by courtesy whisky, grew unbearable, and he rose in drunken majesty to find some cooler place. The sun would soon have thrown long shadows on the beach, but the Watermelon could not wait for that. He must get cool at once, and in the waves splashing, gurgling, laughing, breaking at his very feet, he found a suggestion. Where could one get cool if not in the sea itself? A steam yacht far away like a streak of white, was seen creeping slowly landward, but the Watermelon did not trouble about such a thing. He began to undress, solemnly, stubbornly, with the one thought to get cool.

* * * * *

The yacht, Mary Gloucester, was a gay little bark, all ivory white and shining brass work. A brightly striped awning covered the deck, there were large, comfortable chairs, with many-colored pillows and ribbons and chintz, and daintily arranged tables to assuage one's thirst and offer cooling bodily comfort on a hot day.

The Mary Gloucester was named after a poem of Kipling's, and her owner was explaining this fact, ensconced gracefully, if solidly, in a many-cushioned chair, her feet a bit awkwardly on the rest before her, a fan in one hand and a small, fat, white, woolly dog on her lap, his fore feet on the railing, his mouth open and his tiny red tongue flapping moistly from between his teeth.

"Whom do you love the more," asked Bertie Van Baalen, "Kipling or this angel child?" and Bertie sought to pull one fluffy white ear near his hand. But the little dog snarled angrily and snapped sharply at the hastily withdrawn fingers.

"Ah, the duckems, naughty man shan't tease him," crooned the lady, slapping at Bertie with the fan, while the little dog turned again to the sea.

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Armitage," said Henry Bliven solemnly. "Tell us truthfully, whom do you love the better, Kipling or the blessed duckems?"

"Think," warned Bertie, "before you answer. Kipling, a great poet, author of sentiments that will stir mankind for all ages, sentiments that will ennoble, strengthen—"

"If I threw my blessed pet over, would you go after him, Bertie?" demanded the widow, to whose mind a question of grave import had just presented itself. "Henry, would you? You know how I love my dainty little kitty kit, would you save him from cruel death for me? For my sake?"

"No harm," said Henry with feeling, "shall befall the angel child while I live to protect it—her—him."

"For your sake," said Bertie, "I would die."

There was a splash, a gurgle and a horrified scream from the widow, as with a sudden lurch of the boat, the little dog lost his balance and fell overboard.

"Oh, my precious, my lamb," cried the widow. "Bertie, save him for me."

"Yes, yes," declared Bertie, hanging over the rail and watching the struggling dog in the water below. "Yes, yes, certainly."

"Henry," pleaded the widow. "If you love me—"

"Trust me," said Henry soothingly, hiding a gleam of satisfaction in his mild blue eyes. "I will have the boat stopped."

The widow's daughter and chaperon appeared in the companionway, flushed and sleepy. "Mamma, what is the matter?"

"Caroline, my precious lamb," and the widow motioned dramatically seaward. "Henry, you said—"

"I will," said Henry. "I will have the boat stopped."

"I will do that," cried the widow. "You jump overboard and save him."

Caroline yawned and raised her soft white hands to her tumbled hair. "Do save him, Bertie, I'm not equal to the task of comforting mamma, just now."

Bertie looked at his immaculate yachting clothes and hesitated.

"Ah, you do not love me," cried the widow. "Oh, my baby, my own."

"I love you so," said Bertie solemnly, "I refuse to leave you in your grief even for a moment."

A long white arm shot over the crest of a tumbled wave and was followed by a man's head and long, thin body. The man swam well and quickly and was making straight for the now swimming dog.

"A rescue, a rescue," cried Henry, and added softly to himself, "Oh, poppycock!"

CHAPTER XXV.

As He Said He Would.

The widow leaned far over the side. "Oh," said she, "the man is naked."

"As truth," agreed Bertie. "You might retire, you know."

"I won't look," promised the widow, turning her back and peering over her shoulder. "But is he near my lamb now? Will he, can he save him?"

"Unfortunately, yes, mamma," said Caroline.

Bertie and Henry leaned over the rail and watched the rescue, the long, easy strokes of the swimmer and the amusement on his face as a wave carried the struggling dog within reach and he grabbed the little woolly back.

"Saved!" cried Bertie, and turned just in time to grab Mrs. Armitage, who was also turning to see over the rail, by her fat shoulders and whirl her around again. "Safe, dear lady, but look the other way. Our hero is clothed in the seafoam and his own nobility, nothing else."

Henry was already disappearing down the companionway, the yacht was stopping and the crew standing by on the lower deck to lend assistance to rescued and rescuer.

The evening was warm and sultry. What little breeze there had been during the day had gone down with the sun, while the ocean heaved and moaned in long, green swells and ran softly whispering up the beach and splashed against the rocks with hardly a flake of foam. The sun, sinking behind the hills, cast long orange and pink streaks across the waves, and turned the small white clouds overhead a dainty, rosy mass of drifting color.

Bartlett and Billy strolled down the winding street of the little seaside town, out on the pier and stood idly waiting for the evening mailboat to arrive. Henrietta and the general were coming on the evening boat to spend the autumn in a small cottage which the general was pleased to call his "shooting-box." But Bartlett's pleasure at seeing Henrietta once more was mingled with worry and uneasiness over Billy and the Watermelon. He smoked thoughtfully and watched Billy warily, tenderly. She leaned against a pile and gazed over the vast unrest of the ocean to the distant horizon, with dreaming, unfathomable eyes. Bartlett knew of whom she was thinking, whom waiting for more and more eagerly every day now as August drew to a close and still he did not come. But this evening he had come, he was in the same neighborhood, drunk and probably hungry. When they met, as they must and that shortly, would he make a scene, become loud-mouthed, foul, abusive? It would be hard on Billy, and Bartlett wished vainly that he could spare her. But it was best that she should know, should understand fully and with a sudden quick cut it would be over with, the June madness when one is young and pretty and care-free. Billy would read her folly in the bleared eyes of a shiftless fool. Poor little Billy and her puppy love! A most unfortunate affair, the whole mistaken, unhappy business!

"There comes the Mary Gloucester," said Billy, breaking into his thoughts.

"The Mary Gloucester," chuckled Bartlett. "That woman hasn't the sense of her ugly little poodle dog."

"I know," said Billy, "that is why I have always been so afraid of her."

"Why afraid of her?"

"For a mother," explained Billy unfortunately, but characteristically saying the wrong thing.

Bartlett flushed. "You just admitted that she was a fool. Do you think I would marry that kind of a woman?"

"Men always do," said Billy. "A fool's bad enough, but a fool and money are simply irresistible."

"You know too much for your age," said Bartlett coldly.

"I don't exactly know it," blundered Billy. "I just see it."

"Billy, have you ever seen me—"

"Yes, father. That night in the pavilion at the Ainsleys—"

"That will do, Billy."

Billy was hurt. "I don't mean to be nasty, father; but you asked me—"

"There comes the mailboat," interrupted Bartlett firmly.

Billy looked at it and sighed. It was the last of August and Jeroboam Martin had not come. Had he forgotten her in two short months?

Bartlett laid his hand tenderly on her shoulder. "Forget him, girlie. He's not worthy of you."

"He said he would come," whispered Billy.

"If he doesn't, dear, you have me. We have stood together through everything for eighteen years and will stand, still, eh, Billy?"

Billy bent her head and rubbed her cheek against the hand on her shoulder with a half laugh and a half sob.

With the first sight of the smoke on the horizon, heralding the approach

Stood Laughing Down at Her.

of the principal event of the day, the arrival of the evening mail, a crowd had begun to gather, the usual motley crowd of a summer resort on the coast. The sight of the Mary Gloucester, steaming gracefully into port, was greeted with a gay flutter of handkerchiefs and straw hats, and Billy and Bartlett, standing where the yacht would dock, were soon the center of the laughing, merry crowd, ready and eager to welcome home the stout widow, her unfortunate chaperon and the two "supplements," as a village wag called the fat Henry and the slim Bertie.

As the yacht drew near, the widow's corpulent form was seen by the rail, on one side a tall youth, and on the other, two, side by side and apparently in no very good humor.

"Three, by George," cried Blatts, a prosperous brewer from Milwaukee. "She left here with two and returns with three. Where did she get him, Bartlett?"

But Bartlett did not answer, did not hear. The gang-plank had been lowered and he was watching in numb fascination, the tall youth walking beside the widow, her ridiculous dog in his arms. It was Jeroboam Martin in an immaculate white suit of Bertie's. His hat was off and his hair, after the swim, gleamed soft and yellow. For the sake of the widow upon whose boat he found himself, he had shaved as well as he could with Henry's razor, and while his cheeks were smooth enough, he still wore a small yellow mustache and goatee. Both were brushed until they shone like his hair and they lent a fascinating and distinctly foreign air to his long, thin, clever face. In his arms was the little dog with its enormous bow of sky-blue ribbon.

Bartlett wondered if he were going mad and seeing things that were not so. At two, or thereabouts, he had seen Martin, dirty, shabby, tired and had given him money on which to get drunk. At seven, a yacht, which had not been in Westhaven for over a week, carefully deposits the youth, clean, fresh, well-dressed at his very side. Was he mad?

Billy, too, had seen, but did not wonder. She knew he was a tramp, for he had said he was, but she never thought of him or pictured him other than well-dressed, well-cared for, gently blase and a bit languid. She looked at him now over the heads of the intervening crowd and her heart did not question how he came there, only rushed out to him with the gladness in her eyes, the joyous smile on her parted lips. He had said he would come, and there he was. Further she did not question. Their eyes met over the heads of the people, eager questioning in his, joyful answer in hers.

Hastily he dropped the pup with the sky-blue bow upon the wharf, among the plebeian feet there assembled, and reaching Billy's side through the crowd, grabbed both small hands and stood laughing down at her.

"Billy," he whispered, "Oh, you Billy."

There was, there must be some explanation, Bartlett told himself desperately. It could not be that this was not Martin? Bartlett had not slept with the youth for nearly a week without being pretty familiar with the long lank form, the thin, careless face. And it was equally impossible that the forlorn piece of humanity who had stood that afternoon in the drawing-room and inquired for Billy was not Martin. They were one and the same and once more he and Billy had met on equal footing. To ask the boy again to get drunk was an absurdity.

"I suppose I can give him a job where he won't have much more to do than draw his pay," thought Bartlett, hopelessly, dazedly.

The Watermelon dropped Billy's hands and turned to her father in well-bred greeting, but their eyes met and in the Watermelon's was grim defiance. He had seen Billy again and nothing could part them now. All his humility and repentance had gone, and in their place was his old-time arrogance and sublime self-assurance. Fate in the form of a little white dog had brought him and Billy together again, with the Watermelon, still clean, still well-dressed, and to all outward appearances the same as the other gay youths of Billy's acquaintance. With head up, jaw shut, he scorned to lower himself for anyone. He would prove himself worthy, not unworthy of Billy. Out of his repentance had grown his manhood. He was no nameless hobo of the great army of the unemployed. He was Jeroboam Martin, son of the late Rev. Mr. Martin, in temporary financial embarrassment that could be soon remedied. He would work for Billy and they would be happy on his wages. He drew himself up and held out his hand. Bartlett could take it or not as he pleased.. The Watermelon had sought or desired no man's favor, and Jeroboam Martin would not stoop to do so.

For one second the two stared at each other grimly, square jaws shut, lips unsmiling, then Bartlett's hand shot forth and he clasped the Watermelon's.

"Ah, Martin," said he, "how are you, boy?"

And still holding him by the hand, he patted the Watermelon on his arm, jovially. After all he liked the boy, and right or wrong, wise or foolish, fate was against any other action, fate in the form of a half-drowned poodle dog.

The Watermelon rested his arm on Bartlett's shoulder with boyish affection. "Say, Bartlett," said he in a low voice, "I got drunk, honest to rights. But it was so blamed hot, I cooled off in the ocean before I knew what I was about and that sobered me up again. Then I saw something fall from the yacht and I thought it was a kid from the noise they were making, not just a pup. I swam out to help and of course they hauled me on board, and now the widow is planning to marry me."

Bartlett roared. "Say, boy, er—er—maybe you need a loan until I can see about that job for you."

Once more their eyes met and this time in complete and tender accord.

"You're all right," whispered the Watermelon, his face softening. "And don't you worry about Billy," he added, "I'll take care of her."

THE END.

WAYS OF FRENCH BEGGARS

Select Their Favorite Prison, Then Commit an Offense to Insure Winter Accommodations.

Beggars and professional vagabonds who have passed thirty years do not each year when the winds of Oc- blow to select their winter quar-

s then that each of them com- ome offense, well knowing that l get a penalty of six months' nment. The delinquent so offense that he will not be at l the mouth of April, in the reezes of spring. He ter quarters wisely, for d and bad prisons. e of its valued and odations, occupies ng prisons. This re was such as to e knavery on the and vagabonds. they were se in or- helter. ber of Fresnes, was gorged with prisoners for whom the tardy rays of the September sun proved a cruel irony. If the magistrates show clemency and condemn these derelicts to only six months of prison the disaster of these poor devils will be complete, for they will, without pity, be thrown into the street in the open month of January.—le Ori de Paris.

Big Sculpture.

The most remarkable proposal ever made about Mount Athos was that of the architect Dinocrates. His plan was to cut it into the shape of a gigantic statue of Alexander the Great, holding in the right hand a city, in the left a tank that was to receive all the waters of the region. Alexander was much taken with the scheme. But it was eventually rejected on the ground that the neighboring country was not fertile enough to feed the inhabitants of the projected city. Another of Dinocrates' plans was a temple to the wife of King Ptolemy of Egypt, with a roof of loadstones that would keep an iron statue of her floating in the air.

ARE HANDSOMEST IN WORLD

Royal Irish Constabulary Bear Off the Palm From All Police of the Earth.

According to those most entitled to speak on the comparative pulchritude of the police, the Royal Irish Constabulary bear off the palm from all policemen in all other parts of the world. Dean Hole is quoted in the London Chronicle as contributing the following tribute to the fascinations of the noble Irish force:

"Our London police are well favored in appearance, but if the Royal Irish Constabulary were to take their place for a week there wouldn't be a single female servant to be warranted heart whole in the metropolis."

London goes to the rural districts for its policemen largely, and the result is often as amusing, not to say exasperating, as that which arises in New York from the employment of foreign car conductors, sublimely ignorant of city streets and neighborhoods. The Chronicle writer tells of on encounter with an inexperienced policeman who was asked the whereabouts of a famous firm in the neighborhood, to which query the new bobby replied gayly:

"Bless ye, I know no more than yourself, sir. I only came up from Dorset yesterday."

Coal and the X-Ray.

It is now believed that the mystery of the formation and constitution of coal, which has long puzzled students, will be solved by means of the X-ray.

According to a French scientific journal, there are two or three kinds of ash in coals: First, the foreign matter carried by the wind or the rain into the forests that gave rise to the coal. Next there is the mineral matter that forms part of living plants. Finally, there is generally more or less mineral matter due to the formation of new compounds by the decomposition of the first two kinds of ash. The examination of coal with the X-rays will probably lead to a possible distinction between these three forms of ash, and will thus contribute to throw light on the formation of veins.

Paid for His Interruption.

Rodger, the great French tenor, was a sensitive soul, and was prone to take offense at any slight, whether intentional or not.

On one occasion he was engaged to sing at the house of a wealthy financier. Rodger sang his first song magnificently; but no one paid the slightest attention to him, and the guests continued to talk their loudest.

Presently the host thought the time had come for another song, and sent for Rodger. He could not be found. Next day there came a note from him, accompanied by 1,500 francs. The note ran something like this:

"I have the honor to return the twelve hundred francs which I received for singing at your function; and I beg leave to add three hundred francs thereto for having so disturbed the conversation of your guests."

Blissful Ignorance.

He—"They say he has more money than he knows what to do with." She—"Ah, such ignorance must be bliss."

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR JANUARY 25

SERVING JESUS.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 8:1-3; 9:57-62; 10:38-42.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even the least, ye did it unto me."—Matt. 25-40.

The first section of our lesson text has no connection with the other two. It is taken from a time several months previous to the time of the Perean ministry and was undoubtedly chosen as an indication of the company who traveled with Jesus and his disciples, and who provided for his needs. We must remember that Jesus was not supported by a board, a church, nor by some philanthropically inclined fellow citizen. It is to the second two sections therefore that we devote our chief attention.

Different Classes.

I. Those who would follow Jesus, 9:57-62. Read carefully Matt. 8:19-22. Three different classes are here represented: (1) The impulsive follower (v. 57, 58). This is the man who is moved by a sudden desire to accompany this marvelous Teacher, but like the man in the parable, does not sit down and count the cost ere he starts to build his house. This thought is emphasized when we read (Matt. 8:19) that this man was a scribe, one who would not be expected to make such a resolve. He must have been deeply stirred by what he had seen and heard in the life of Jesus. Such a resolve promised well, but it is soon revealed to him that he did not realize what was involved in his promise (v. 58). Jesus showed the man that to go "whithersoever" with him means to share his experiences, his fare, his quarters, and to receive the same treatment he received, 2 Tim. 3:12. It is a mistake to tell folk that the road of righteousness is a primrose path. The road of disobedience is a rough one, as the man who went to Jericho found, still the road of righteousness is a narrow one, Matt. 7:13, 14. Every follower of Jesus must be willing to take what he took and to receive what he received, John 15:20; 1 Pet. 2:21.

This sentence (v. 58) has done more to give us a comprehension of the earthly surroundings of our Lord than any other in the gospels, 2 Cor. 8:9. (2) The procrastinating follower (v. 59). Jesus did not forbid the first man, he simply showed him what was involved. This man, however, Jesus invited to a place as disciple—learner. That he was willing to accept is evident, only he was not yet quite ready, "I will, but—." It is not at all probable that this man's father was awaiting burial; had his father but just died, and awaiting burial, Jesus would not have prevented. Rather he was indicating a father about to die and that he would follow after his father's death. Hence the sharp words of the Master, "Let the dead bury the dead." A proper duty, a sacred duty, but not so proper nor so sacred as to have precedence over the claims of Jesus, Matt. 6:33; 10:37. Men do not as a rule miss opportunities to make money, to serve their ambitions nor to gratify their desires, by the excuse of waiting to look after aged parents. Jesus would have us bury the dead when they are dead, not to neglect them while living by any means, but at the same time to follow him. (3) The irresolute follower (vv. 61,62). This man was not troubled so much with going back as with looking back. Ultimately he intends to follow, but his desire is still with others than being set upon Jesus. Like Lot's wife, he is looking back rather than embracing the opportunity to follow. This generally ends in forgetting to follow at all, see Luke 17:32 and Gen. 19:26. Such ones are not fit for the kingdom, e. g., are not ready to enter, nor are they really desirous to enter, Phil. 3:13; Heb. 10:38, 39. Jesus' reference to the plow (v. 62) recalls the call of Elisha. He with safety did bid farewell to loved ones and returned to worship with the prophet, 1 Kings 19:19-21. Jesus intimates that such a step is apt to be fraught with fatal consequences. It is in this case, the spirit of resolution that Jesus commends. No furrow can be plowed straight, when he who holds the plow is looking backward.

Ever Ready to Serve.

II. Those who did follow Jesus, 10:38-42. We now turn to consider this little company who were ever ready to serve our Master. From v. 58 we know that not every home was open to receive Jesus as was this one in Bethany, John 11:1. Though this was Martha's home (10:38), and therefore she felt the burden of hospitality, yet she did not hear the word as did her sister Mary, Mark 4:19. Martha was occupied with duty and Mary, with Jesus. Martha was occupied with many things, Mary was occupied with the "one thing needful." The result was that Martha was "distracted" (R. V.), while Mary was at rest. Jesus wants his disciples, his followers, to sit at his feet and to learn of him. He knows all about duty's dull demand, but the one thing needful is, first of all, to learn of him. Martha's love prompted the service, but there was doubtless much pride that accompanied it. Jesus, as we have seen, was not cumbered with much comfort, and it is doubtful that he was desirous of a big dinner. Jesus does, however, commend communion with himself as being, "that good part." Afterwards, when death invaded that circle, it was Martha that had the most intimate dealing with our Lord, see John, chapter 11, hence we conclude that she learned on this day the lesson Jesus sought to teach, viz., that in the life of quiet communion (Isa. 30:15) we shall receive that strength that is absolutely essential, if we are to serve him acceptably. We must not allow the daily, legitimate demands of duty to interfere with a life of full, free, fellowship with the Master.